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# POEM

ON THE  
CORONATION

Of our most Illustrious Sovereign

K. JAMES II.

And His Gracious CONSORT

Queen MARY,

Who were Crown'd at WESTMINSTER,  
On St. George's-Day, being the 23th.  
this Instant April 1685

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Written by a Person of Quality.

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*Jupiter in Cælis, Cæsar regat omnia Terris.*

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Printed by Nathaniel Thompson at the Entrance into the Old-  
Spring-Garden near Charing-Cross, MDCLXXXV.

POETRY  
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QUEEN MARY.

By the Rev. John M. ...  
...  
... 1887

Written by a Person of Quality.

Printed in ...

Printed by ...  
... MDCCLXXXV.



# A POEM on the CORONATION.

**F**Lie Envious *Time*; why dost our Bliss delay?  
 Repair *Death's* & Thy wrongs, & give Us *Day*;  
 The Day which from our Woes must free us all,  
 Whom Grief would else Martyr in *CHARLES's* fall:  
 That Ador'd Monarch; whose Illustrious Name  
 Alone, speaks more, than all the Tongues of Fame.  
 Whose Loss, levy'd a Tax of Sighs, and Moan,  
 And forc'd the World t'an Universal Groan.  
 Ho'd, hold my *Muse*--The *Dawn* new-gilds the Skies,  
 See where Great *JAMES* our second Sun does rise,  
 And quite exhales these Vapours from our Eyes.  
 Tears, and the Sable signs of Grief, give way,  
 Chac'd by the Beams of this most Glorious Day;  
 A Day, doubly design'd by Destiny  
 To remain Sacred to Posterity.  
 Something for *GEORGE's* Birth was to It due,  
 But now it is *Three Kingdoms Birth-Day* too,  
 From this *CORONATION* We our Lives Renew.  
 Each *Loyal Heart* is struck by 'ts Sov'reign Rays,  
 And's fill'd at once with *Gratitude* and *Praise*.

Hark! how the *Streets* with *cheerful Shouts* do Ring,  
 Excessive Joys in ev'ry Bosom spring,  
 And the whole Town do 10 PÆANS sing.  
 While th' Air as loath such Loyal Sounds to lose,  
 With thousand *Ecchoes* does prolong each close;  
 Behold what heaps of *Hatts*, aloft there fly,  
 Like thickn'd *Clouds*, they steal away the Sky.

T' attend this Earthly Jove, the World agrees,  
*In-landers* leave their *Homes*, *Sea-men* the *Seas*;  
 Both *English* born, and those that *Neighbours* are;  
 With Exultation cleave the yielding *Air*.  
 So in some *Garden*, deckt with *Flora's* Pride,  
 Where all the *Glories* of the *Spring* reside,  
 There near a *Waxen Canopy* we see,  
 Thousands thus Buz about the *Royal-Bee*.

Nature, at this Solemnity Revives,  
 And the glad Earth by JAMES's Influence Thrives;  
*Hills, Vallies, Woods*, are drest in New Attire,  
*April* at its own Beauty does Admire.  
 The wing'd *Musicians* Carol in the *Air*,  
 The Spacious *Meadows*, *Green-Plush* Mantles wear,  
 Nay, the pleas'd *Heaven's* without a *Cloud* appear.  
 While all the *Flowers* of the *Spring* do meet,  
 And, than *Arabian Spices*, smell more sweet,  
 The *Mighty Pan*, the *Mighty Pan* to Greet,

How sensible the *Houses* are, 'tis He!  
 Who but in *Arras* Gown the *King* will see.      *Walls*



*Walls, Windows, Roofs, Tow'rs, Steeples, all are set  
 VVith several Eyes, but the least Glimpse to get,  
 And lo, the Costly Pomp is now in view,  
 VVhich claims our Wonder, and our Homage too.*

*The like of this Day's State not Italy Sings,  
 Consular Triumphs, were but petty Things :  
 Rome too as short of this in Shows, you'll find,  
 As her Now Glories, are from those declin'd.*

*Triumphant Sight ! In this one Train we may  
 Of all that's Noble, take a full Survey.  
 Do Arms Delight ye ? Surfeit here your View  
 On Troops, as can th' Insulting World subdue.*

*Nay Learning here in its Perfection shines,  
 And Athens now to Westminster Resigns.  
 Religion, Law, each her best Charms displays,  
 Chear'd by the Warmth of His Indulgent Rayes,  
 VVho gave His Word, that He'll maintain their State,  
 His Word, Unalterable as the Book of Fate.*

*VVho'll say, the City Brethren, Misers be,  
 And but beholds, their this Days Bravery ?  
 None, none ; and by their Gallantry, all guess,  
 Their Loyalty's the Cause of this Excess.*

*VVhat Rich Attire the Spirit'al Lords array !  
 VVhat Massie Coronets Adorn the Lay !  
 Such Cloaths of Gold and Silver, Kill my Brain,  
 My Opticks fail, and I grow Blind again.*

*Arch-*

*Arch-Angels* sure, leaving their Glorious Sphere,  
Once more themselves have Bodify'd, and here  
Resolve, as *English Nobles* to appear.

*Princes* who've still been waited on, now wait,  
And *Bowing* Here, they count they sit in State.

But stay! — In this *Terrestrial Galary*,  
A *Glitt'ring Troop*, of *Beauties* I descry,  
VWho Ravish with too Bright a Tyranny.  
Such *Lustre* ne're was seen in *Thetis Train*,  
VWhen Drest i'th' Native *Jewels* of the Main.  
At ev'ry Look I take new Charms arise,  
Bright are their *Diamonds*, Brighter are their *Eyes*.  
And in each Lovely Face, do plainly move,  
Un-number'd Signs of *Beauty*, *Wit* and *Love*.  
Shou'd Cold *Diogenes* these *Fair Ones* see.  
Pierc'd by their *Darts* he wou'd Enamour'd be.

But what Fresh Object's this Invades my Eye,  
And bids my Soul gaze there Eternally?  
Assur'd I am, our *Climate* never held  
Before a *Beauty* so unparallel'd.

All *Heavenly Features* joyn themselves in one,  
To shew their Triumph in this Face alone ;  
The *Salvages*, that Worship the *Suns Rise*,  
Wou'd hate their *God*, if they beheld these *Eyes*.  
The *Wealth* She wears about Her, more does hide  
Than it Adorns, Her Native *Beauty's Pride*.

Mir-



*Mirour of Heav'n! Wonder of the Earth!*  
*Oh! thou Bright Goddess of Cælestial Birth!*  
*Now Caesar's Glory Augmentable seems,*  
*Since You appear, and daign to mix your Beams,*  
*'Tis She! 'Tis England's QUEEN whom thus we view,*  
*QUEEN long ago, and now Anointed too.*  
*The Crown, not Her, but She the Crown does Grace,*  
*Before She sway'd an Empire in Her Face.*  
*Had Virgil liv'd this MARY but to see,*  
*Dido had in Oblivion Slept, and She*  
*Had giv'n his Muse, Her best Eternity.*

*And now the Monarch of the Day's in sight,*  
*From whom, the rest receive their Borrow'd Light.*  
*Who giving way, His Brighter Splendour own,*  
*As Stars do vanish at th' approach o'th' Sun.*  
*Oh! what a Flood of Virtues from Him flows!*  
*How like a God Install'd on Earth He shows!*  
*Thus when the Thickest Darkness Phæbus Shrowds,*  
*VVith greater Fulgence he breaks through those Clouds:*  
*Look on His Face, His Royal Mein but mind,*  
*And to be Traytors now, we must be blind.*  
*Mankinds Delight! and Heavens chiefeft Care,*  
*To Vict'ry, as to's Crown the Lawful Heir.*  
*The VVorld has always Shook at His Alarms,*  
*At Sea and Land Success still Crown'd His Arms.*

Ye Bold *Excluders*, see your Injur'd Prince,  
 And may this Sight you of your Crime convince,  
 Crouch, Crouch, *Rebellious Sirs*, & own your Insolence,  
 Both how to Pardon, and Revenge, He knows,  
 To Guard his *Friends*, and to Destroy his *Foes*,  
 Down, down then at His Feet without delay,  
 With double Loyalty His *VVrongs* repay;  
 Lay, lay Him in your Hearts, and beg of Fate,  
 He long may *Reign* though He is Crown'd, but late  
 He shall; for th' thing that's slowly's sure done,  
 And He whom *Heaven* designs to fix on's *Throne*,  
 It is the longer sitting Him thereon  
 No more shall Lawless, Hair-brain'd *Faction* Rage,  
 But may His *Reign* bring back the *Golden Age*.  
 May from His Sacred Consort's *VVombs* Increase,  
 Spring Present Joy, and Future Ages *Peace*.  
 Let's keep that Path, which He, (a *Subject*) made,  
 VVho still His King, Unmurmuring Obey'd.  
 Let's think His *Foes* be Ours, as so They are,  
 Think on His *Martyr'd Father*, and beware,  
 And let this Sight, (though ended,) ne're be done,  
 But let it still, and still be Thought upon,  
 And Thought on, ev'n to Convert *Rebellion*.